

This image shows a vertical strip of material, likely a book binding or a piece of wood. The right side is a dark, heavily textured material, possibly wood or bark, with a grain running vertically. The left side is a lighter, more uniform material, possibly paper or fabric, also showing some texture. The two materials are joined along a vertical line.

LITERARY.

THE WOODS' WANDERER.

Day after day I wandered on, alone,
The stricken heart is fearless, and the woods,
Amidst whose far-stretched depths, a solemn moon
Of winds was ever sounding, and whose floods,
Poured midst unbroken solitudes, had ceased
To waken mine to terror. I had learned,
E'en when no moon beam the pale night clouds
Fleeced,

To thread their trackless mazes, while I turned
For guidance to the stars that high above me burned.

They who have never seen the broad blue sky,
Save through the smoke-dimmed air of crowded
streets,
Can never know how very gloriously
It beauteous o'er the wilderness, and meets
The tall firs of the mountains. It must be
The very best of all that nature can give,
Who round him those majestic wilds could see,
And o'er his head the eagle and the storm,
Nor feel a nobler pulse within his bosom warm.

I had laid down to slumber—but there came
A sound that night upon the still wind,
That kept me waking. No electric flame
Flashed o'er the heavens—yet my thoughts could
find

No sound more like to it, than the low growl
Of worn-out thunder; wrapt in thought I lay,
With nature's glory telling to my soul
Of God's own presence, till the coming day
O'er the far orient stole, to light me on my way.

I stood at sunrise where lake Erie's wave
Caught on its foamy crest the rosy light;
All round was solitude and silence, save
The voice of Nature's joy. Against the bright
And partly sky, a thin, blue, smoke curl rose
From the far shore, and floated on the air,
And the slant sunbeam might to view disclose
One distant pierce that the waters bore;

All else was lone and wild as it was lovely there.

Still sent that deep sound forth its solemn tone,
Louder, and louder, as I onward fared,
Northward, where Niagara led me on,
O'er tangled brake, and green, and flower-strewn
sward.

At length I reached the spot—and such a sight!
Even now the wild blood rushes through my brain,
And my heart beats with faintness, as the light
Of memory restores that scene again,
And paints it to my view as I behold it then.

Broad, dark, and deep, the river hurried on!
Pouring the volume of its mighty flood
Right to the yawning steep!—no pause—down—
down

The gathered sea was hurled!—half stunned I stood
Upon the shaken earth, and almost wept
With awe and fear and admiration, wild
And passionate—like clouds on high were swept
In spray the shattered waters; while bending mild,
Over the turbulent gulf a gorgeous rainbow smiled.

The sun went down on that vast solitude—
And underneath the solemn stars, alone,
With God, and his stupendous work, I stood;
Where, since their first creation, haply none
Save the rude Indian e'er had trod or gazed
On that magnificence! to earth I bent
My humbled brow, yet with a soul upraised,
And conscious of a nobler being, bent
By the full presence of the great Omnipotent.

E. M. C.

[From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.]

THE BRIDE.

The bridal veil hangs o'er her brow,
The ring of gold is on her finger,
Her lips have breathed the marriage vow,
Why should she at the altar linger?

Why wears her gentle form a shade,
Why dim her eye, when doubt is over,
Why does her slender form for aid
Lean tremblingly upon her lover?

Is it a feeling of regret,
For solemn vows so lately spoken?
Is it a fear, scarce awed as yet,
That her new ties may soon be broken?

Oh no! such causes darken not
The cloud that is so swiftly passing o'er her;
Her's is a fair and happy lot,
And bright the path that lies before her.

Her heart has long been freely given
To him, who, now her hand possesses,
Through patient years has fondly striven
To merit well the precious blessing.

It is the thought of untold years,
That, to her spirit strongly clinging,
Is dimming her blue eye with tears,
And o'er her face a shade is flinging.

It is the thought of duties new;
Of wishes that may prove deceiving—
Of all she hopes, yet fears to do,
Of all she loves, and all she's leaving.

It is the thought of by-gone days,
Of them, the fond, the gentle-hearted,
Who meet not now her tearful gaze,
The dear, the absent, the departed!

Oh! who can marvel that the bride
Should leave the sacred altar weeping;
Or who would seek those tears to chide,
That fresh and green her heart are keeping?

Not he, who, with a lover's care
And husband's pride, is fondly guiding
Her trembling steps; for he can share
The gentle thoughts that need no hiding.

Soon love for him her tears will chase,
And smiles to light her eye with gladness,
And none will blame, who truly trace,
To its pure source, her transient sadness.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

MELODIES FOR MIDDLE AGE.

I almost thought the days were past
Of those alternate hopes and fears,
Which did their lights and shadows cast
On other scenes, of other years.

And that the world would henceforth wear
The sober garb of worldly care.

I thought that, now, life's sluggish stream
Was all too dark and cold to bear
Pictured, as in a poet's dream,
The image of the bright and fair.

In short, I thought that it was plain
I never should be young again.

For is there not a certain age?
When all that charmed when life was new,
Is blotted from that dreary page
Which grows more dull, yet not more true,

And still in fiction leads us on,
When all is gay romance is gone?

I thought so once; but those dark eyes—
(With them we must of course begin),
Their smiles, like cloudless, happy skies,
Worthy of martyrdom to win—

That lovely form, whose sylph-like grace
Vies with the witchcraft of that face—
And more than all, those accents sweet,
Which of those brighter graces tell,
Where wit and truest judgment meet,
And gayest fancy leads to dwell—
Teach me that much may still survive
The wintry hand of Thirty-five.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE YOUNG WIFE.

The young wife should remember that she
has chosen her own lot in life, she has con-
nected it with her husband, and if by decree
of an all-wise providence, he becomes em-
barrassed, it is her duty to aid him by her
kindness—not to mutter or oppress him by
ill temper. Upon the male sex, the task of
providing the means of subsistence is, in
civilized society, almost exclusively impos-
ed; and consequently when they become distress-
ed, and have not where-withal to provide for
their partners, they suffer doubly. They have
not only their privations to regret, but yours
also; and the world's frown, and the world's
—often unjust—censure falls exclusiv-
ly upon the husband. The wife can hide
herself from the world, but the husband must
face its pride, its prosperity. May all young
wives be permanently prosperous; but for
their own sakes, and for the honor of woman-
hood, we admonish them not to let adversity
should it unfortunately lay its iron hand upon
them, induce them to depart from the affec-
tionate conduct, in word or deed, which they
owe to their husbands, and conduct them-
selves in such a manner as to do away with
the truth of the old proverb—'When poverty
comes in at the door, love flies out at the
window.'—P. Liberalist.

Funeral of Mrs. Burns.—Exhumation of
the Poet's Skull.—The Dumfriess Courier of
April 9th, contains a long account of the
funeral and interment of Mrs. Burns, widow
of the poet, on the 1st, in St. Michael's
church-yard, Dumfries, and of the exhumation
of the Poet's skull, which took place on the
previous day. The following description of
the skull is from the pen of Mr. Blacklock:
'On Monday night, 31st March, 1834, Mr.
John McDiarmid, Mr. Adam Rankine, Mr.
James Kerr, Mr. James Bogie, Mr. Andrew
Crombie, and the subscriber, descended into
the vault of the Mausoleum for the purpose
of examining the remains of Burns, and if
possible procuring a cast of his skull. Mr.
Crombie having witnessed the examination
of the bard's remains in 1815, and seen them
deposited in their present resting place, at
once pointed out the exact spot where the
head would be found, and a few spadefuls
of loose sandy soil being removed, the skull
was brought into view, and carefully lifted.

The cranial bones were perfect in every
respect, if we except a little erosion of their
external table, and firmly held together by
their sutures; even the delicate bones of the
orbit, with trifling exception of the os unguis
in the left, were sound and uninjured by death
and the grave. The superior maxillary bones
still retained the four most posterior teeth
on each side, including the dentes sapientie,
and all without spot or blemish. The inci-
sors, cuspidati, &c.; had, in all probability,
recently dropped from the jaw, for the alveoli
were but little decayed. The bones of the
face and palate were also sound. Some
small portions of black hair, with a very
few grey hairs intermixed, were observed
while detaching some extraneous matter from
the occiput. Indeed nothing could exceed the
high state of preservation in which we found
the bones of the cranium, or offer a fairer
opportunity of supplying what has so long been
desiderated by phrenologists—a correct model
of our immortal poet's head; and in order
to accomplish this in the most accurate and
satisfactory manner, every particle of sand,
or other foreign body, was carefully washed
off, and the plaster of Paris applied with all
the tact and accuracy of an experienced ar-
tist. The cast is admirably taken, and can-
not fail to prove highly interesting to phre-
nologists and others.

Having completed our intention, the skull
securely enclosed in a leaden case, was again
committed to the earth precisely where we
found it. ARCHIBALD BLACKLOCK.
Dumfries, 1st April, 1834.

Expedition to the Niger.—Fresh advices
have been received from the indefatigable
Laird. He had returned to the coast the
second time, for the purpose of procuring
goods for the markets on the river. He had
ascended the Niger into the interior of Africa,
and had been up to the Tshadda, a branch
of the Niger, 150 miles. Mr. Laird, who
accompanied the expedition, has arrived in
London. He relates that they found a city
called Nunda, on the Tshadda, which con-
tains 50 or 70,000 inhabitants. The walls
are 20 feet high. The king is a brutal
savage. He has in his seraglio 1500 women.
He detained the English, and would not let
them return, pretending to be influenced by
the gods. He said the gods had been fre-
quently consulted, but they would not give
a favorable answer. Laird took advantage
of the king's superstition; told him he would
send a messenger to the gods, and if it burn-
ed blue, it would be an indication of a fa-
vorable reply. Laird sent up a blue light,
which made such an impression on the king
that he released the party. The slave-trade
is carried on up and down the Niger. While
Mr. Laird was up the river, about 1000 of the
people of Nunda made an excursion along
the bank of the Niger, and sacked the coun-
try far and wide. Their object was slaves
and booty. They make pipes so long that
they can smoke when riding, with the bowl
of the pipe resting on the feet. They are
ignorant of distilling, and have not yet ac-
quired a taste of rum. At one place on the
Niger, the priests sacrificed a human victim,
and threw the body in pieces into the river,
to prevent the English going up; the ig-
norant natives thought this would put a stop
to their progress, and were much disappointed
when they found the incantations of the
priests of no avail.

The Court of Assizes of Martinique, dur-
ing a recent session, condemned, without
the intervention of a jury, a white inhabi-
tant of the commune of the Ance de l'Arlet,
to a year's imprisonment and a fine of 1200
francs, for causing the death of one of his
own slaves, by enclosing him without air in
a sugar hogshead. The same court, in the
same session, sentenced to death a man of
color for attempting to murder a white man
in a quarrel, in which the horse of the latter
was killed. These two facts are quite suffi-
cient to show how justice is still administered
in the French colonies.

In answer to a call of the U. S. Senate, the
Secretary communicated a report on the 26th
ult. showing the number of memorials, &c.
presented to the Senate, for and against the
removal of the public deposits from the
Bank of the United States, with the number
of signatures attached to each. The report
states that the number of signatures to the
memorials and proceedings in FAVOR of the
removal of the deposits is Eight Thousand
seven hundred and twenty-one; and the num-
ber AGAINST the removal, One Hundred
and Fourteen Thousand nine hundred and
eighteen.

[From a late London Paper.]

Loss of the Lady Monroe.—Extract of a
letter from J. M'Cosh, Esq. assistant Surgeon,
34th Bengal infantry, a passenger.—The
Lady Monroe, Captain J. Aiken, sailed from
Calcutta on the 27th of June, 1833, for Van
Diemen's Land. After completing her cargo
at Madras and the Isle of France, she
stood for Hobart Town. On the night of the
13th of October, we anticipated to make the
Island of Amsterdam: it was uncommonly
dark and foggy, with a drizzling rain and a
strong breeze. At midnight I asked the
boatswain—who was a native of India—if he
saw land? He said no. I went to bed again,
but did not remain twenty minutes when
I heard the ship strike with violence.—I rushed
naked upon deck, and to my horror, saw
the bold rocky shore within fifty yards of
the ship the sea breaking fairly over, washing
every thing off the deck, and filling the
hatches with water. The masts went over-
board, and the ship rolling from rock to rock,
and laboring like a dying thing gave one
last lurch, and went all in shivers. I was
among the breakers before I knew it, and
succeeded in gaining the shore with only a
few bruises on my hands and feet.

When daylight appeared, all we mustered
were—the chief officer and myself, an Euro-
pean convict, four servants, and 14 of the
Lascar crew—in all 21. There were lost 28
passengers and officers, 9 convicts, 13 ser-
vants, and 28 of the crew—in all, 78. The
following are the names of those drowned,
viz.—Capt. Aiken, his brother and Mrs. Halli-
child; Mrs. Montford and Mrs. Halli-
child; Madras; Mrs. Capt. Brown and
four children, H. M.'s 57th; Captain and
Mrs. Lardner and three children, Madras
53rd; Captain and Mrs. Knox, 60th; Madras
cavalry; Lieut. Clarke and two boys of Dr.
Redford, H. M.'s 38th, and Mr. Fisher. The
cargo and every thing on board totally lost.
We continued to subsist on birds and eggs,
and a little soaked rice for 14 days, (for there
is no inhabitant on the island) when we set
fire to the jungle, and that attracted the at-
tention of a small American schooner, fishing
off the island, and about to sail for the Isle
of France. She was then lying ten miles
distant. We got all on board of her, and
saved nothing but what we could carry such
a distance on our backs, over mountains and
thru a jungle of reeds higher than our heads.
We are now arrived in safety at Port Louis.

A Cold Water Man—a hard drinker.—A
few days since we were made acquainted
with Mr. James Webb, a native of Hanover,
Mass. and now a resident of North Fairhaven.
This is the most remarkable man with whom
we were ever in company. His strange his-
tory is fraught with peculiar interest. How-
soever incredible it may seem to those un-
acquainted with the fact, of its truth we have
had ocular demonstration, that Mr. Webb
is in the habit of drinking one or two quarts
of cold water at one drink! He averages
six gallons per day, drinking at the rate of a
quart an hour both day and night, and not
infrequently a gallon or upwards at a time.
This has been his practice ever since his re-
membrance. He indulges in no luxuries of
food—eats moderately—enjoys excellent
health—attends promptly to his business,
and lives happily with a wife and seven in-
teresting offspring. When dry, he is feverish
and dizzy, and feels a burning throughout
the system, especially at the stomach. He
supposes he could not live many hours with-
out water, and thinks he could drink so full
that the water would rush from his mouth
and nose without experiencing any unpleas-
ant sensation. He had been without water
three hours at one time, the last of which he
was in excruciating pain. He is very active
—has, in his younger days, run a mile in four
minutes; and will now, he says, outrun any
man that can be produced. Mr. Webb will
be forty years old next October, at which
time, if living, he will have drank nearly
three thousand barrels of water, a quantity
which would load a whale ship of the first
class. This was not caused by imprudence.
It has ever been so, and may be regarded as
an odd freak of mother nature. We have
had the consent of Mr. Webb, thus respect-
fully to notice his strange appetite, for which
neither himself nor the most eminent physi-
cians can account.—New Bedford Courier.

Wedding rings; and the ring finger.—The
wedding ring is worn on the fourth finger
of the left hand, because it was anciently be-
lieved that a small artery ran from this finger
to the heart. Whately, on the authority of
old missals, calls it a vein. 'It is,' he says,
'because from thence there proceeds a par-
ticular vein to the heart.' 'This indeed,' he
adds, 'is now contradicted by experience;
but several eminent authors, as well as
Christians, as well as physicians as divines,
were formerly of this opinion, and therefore
they thought this finger the properest to bear
this pledge of love, that from thence it might
be conveyed as it were to the heart. Lævius
Lemnius, speaking of the ring finger, says,
'that a small branch of the artery and
not of the nerves, as Galienus thought, is
stretched forth from the heart unto this fin-
ger, the motion whereof you may perceive
evidently in all that affects the heart in
woman by the touch of your fore finger. I
used to raise such as are fallen in a swoon
by pinching the joint, and by rubbing the
gold with a little saffron, for by this a re-
storing force that is in it passes to the heart,
and refreshes the fountain of life, unto which
this finger is joined. Wherefore antiquity
thought fit to compass it about with gold.'

Beautiful Extract.—I saw a mourner stand-
ing at twilight over the grave of one dear-
est to him on earth. The memory of joys
that were past came crowding on his soul.
'And is this,' said he 'all that remains
of one so loved and so lovely? I call, but no
voice answers. Oh! my loved one will not
hear! O death! inexorable death! what
hast thou done? Let me lie down and forget
my sorrows in the slumbers of the grave!'
When he thought thus in agony, the gen-
tle form of Christianity came by. She bade
him look upwards, and so to the eye of faith
the heavens were disclosed. He heard the
song and transport of the great multitude
which no man can number around the throne.
There were the spirits of the just made per-
fect—there was the spirit of her he mourned!
Their happiness was pure, permanent, per-
fect. The mourner then wiped the tears from
his eyes, took courage, and thanked God.
'All the days of my appointed time,'
said he, 'will I wait till my change come,
and be returned to the duties of life, no longer
sorrowing as those who have no hope.

Witty Remark.—A young clergyman, who
possessed every requisite for the pulpit but
a good voice, having occasion to preach a pro-
bation sermon for a lectureship, a friend con-
gratulated him, as he descended from the
pulpit, observing that 'he would certainly
carry the election: he had nobody's voice
against him but his own.'

'I don't meddle with Politics.' There is a
set of folks among us, who, the moment they
are called upon to take any part in the pub-
lic movements of the day, immediately put
you off with the remark, 'Ah! I don't med-
dle with politics.' Are such people aware,
that politics of this country are always med-
dling with themselves? Are they aware that
a republican Government differs from all oth-
ers exactly in this, that it is by means of ev-
ery individual in the community making the
public cause his own, that the commonwealth
may fold its arms in indifference, as the ship
of State moves along on its troubled way,
and content himself with the reflection that
he is but a passenger, and that the king, his
master, will do all that is necessary. But a
republic, which is a Government of the peo-
ple, who are neither passengers merely, nor
galley slaves, who are all alike members of
a great boat club, in which each man has a
right to an oar, and to whose fair share of
pulling, each other member has clear right.
And the member who, while such a storm is
raging as now is abroad, can throw up his oar
and see his fellows struggling against the
waves and bracing themselves to the tug,
ought to be thrown overboard. In times
when we have the wind fair, and the waters
are all smooth around us—when all is plain
sailing, and the boat lies steady to her work
—why, now and then, a man may lay to a
while and look on; but as it is, we are out
of sight of land, the wind is up and ahead,
the boat has been strained till she leaks like
a sieve, and nothing can save her but the long
pull, the strong pull, and the pull altogeth-
er.—The Crisis.

During Peat.—Considerable attention has
been excited for a few days past, by the dar-
ing feats of a painter, who, it is said, was
formerly a sailor, and who has been engaged
in painting the roofing on the steeple of the
Dutch Reformed Church. Not content with
the task required of him, which was compar-
atively safe and easy, he, on Monday last,
ascended to the figure of the fish, which is at
an elevation of 150 feet from the ground, and
standing upon it, placed his cap upon the ball
which surmounts the spire. The fears of a
large body of spectators were now sensibly
excited for his safety; but their apprehen-
sions were doubled, when he deliberately
stretched himself at full length upon the
Vane, holding by one hand to the upright bar
of iron on which it is supported. To a lands-
man, it was a terrible sight. To him, how-
ever, it doubtless only brought to mind the
recollections of the danger of the sea. He
descended in safety.—Frederick Examiner.

A Crooked Profession.—When Mr. H.
was admitted to the bar as a practitioner at
the Court of Common Pleas, his friend Col.
W. inquired of him where he was going to
settle. He replied that he knew not; the
profession was so crowded, there was but a
poor chance for him. 'Do you know of any
place Colonel, where I may earn enough to
get my bread?' 'Why, no; lawyers are as
plenty almost as military officers, who are so
thick that you can scarce move a rod with-
out butting upon one. I think there is no
great chance for you; but stop, let's see, it
may be there is a chance.' The man was
all attention and expectation. 'You will
oblige me, my dear Colonel, by informing
me.' 'Well,' said the Colonel, 'as I ob-
serve there may be, possibly a chance for
you at one place, and only one within my knowl-
edge. I purchased a little piece of meadow
last week, about three acres, and I have not
yet heard of any one's locating himself there.'

Literal Construction.—A Militia Captain
died East, not long since exhibited an ac-
cumen in the construction of law 'as he un-
derstands it,' which we look upon as eminently
illustrative of certain principles recently ac-
cused upon at Washington. The Military func-
tionary had enrolled a man in his company
who had lost one of his legs, but as he was a
man of good bodily proportions and in sound
health, the Captain told him in so many words,
that must be his duty: 'for the law,' said
the Captain, raising his head and adjusting his
dickiey, 'makes it my duty to enroll all able
bodied men, and it is their duty to attend.'
They have a right to come with legs or with-
out, just as they please, but if they come
without arms, they shall be fined according
to law.—N. Y. Courier.

To preserve Books.—A few drops of any
perfumed oil will secure libraries from the
consuming effects of mould and damp. Rus-
sian leather, which is perfumed by the tar
of the birch tree, never moulds; and mer-
chants suffer large losses of this leather to re-
main in the London docks, knowing that it
cannot sustain injury from damp. This man-
ner of preserving books with perfumed oil,
was well known to the ancients. The Ro-
mans used oil of cedar to preserve valuable
manuscripts. Hence the expression used by
Horace—'Digna cedro,' meaning any work
worthy of being anointed with cedar oil, or
in other words, worthy of being preserved
and remembered.

St. Louis, April 1.—Extraordinary punish-
ment was recently awarded by a jury in Per-
ry county, Mo. The accused—a slave—was
tried for an assault and battery upon the body
of Mrs. E. Murphy, of that county. He was
found guilty as charged, and the jury
awarded that he should receive seven hun-
dred and fifty lashes! The court, however,
very properly, granted a new trial on the
ground that the accused could not survive
the punishment.—Republican.

MORAL.

[For the Liberator.]

WINE-BIBBERS AND COLONIZATIONISTS.
READ THIS!

FROM POTGHEEFSKE, DUCHESSE CO., N. Y.

At the last meeting of the Temperance
Society of the people of color of this place,
held in the Lancaster school room, April 1,
1834, the following was presented by the
Rev. C. W. Gardner.

Brethren, believing with others that have
written on the WINE QUESTION, that it
is time to begin a 'reformation on the reformed,'
and to go from ordinary to extraordinary
means to destroy, if possible, the monster in-
temperance, I present you the following pre-
amble and resolution for your consideration
and adoption. I do not wish that the resolu-
tion should be connected with the present
temperance pledge, or be made the condition
of admittance into the society, but that the
friends of reform who have refrained from
drinking spirits, and who wish to put a stop to
the fruitful sources of it, should subscribe
this pledge also, and thus by our example,
prevent our youth from taking the first step
towards drunkenness. For, I believe almost
all who fall a prey to it, begin with beer,
cider and wine. And also many object to

the society, because its members drink them,
and thus are found standing in the way
of a general reform. Let us, therefore, come
up to our post, and stand in our place, and
leave results to God. I therefore propose
for your adoption the following preamble and
resolution.

Whereas, we, having viewed with deep
regret, that wine, beer and cider, are not
only unnecessary, but injurious, and a fruit-
ful source of intemperance, and often the
cause of reformed persons relapsing in their
former habits, do therefore,

Resolved, That except in case of bodily
infirmity, we will abstain from all that can
intoxicate, and that we will not provide them
for our families, nor for the use of our friends,
and by so doing, set a good example before
the community.

Mr. G. said there was another part of this
subject still more important, and that was
using of intoxicating wine at the communion
of the Lord's supper. To this usage he said
he objected, and did not intend to administer
it again, except he should be convinced that
he was in an error.

His argument in support of his position
was as follows. I object to it, first, because
it may prove a temptation to drunkenness.
I was once acquainted with a minister who
was a drunkard in his youth, and although
fifty years of age when he related the fact to
me, he said, that until that day, he dare
not even drink water out of a glass where
even cider had been, unless first washed,
such was his acquired thirst for ardent spirits.
Yet he lived and died a Christian. But that
abstinence was his only remedy, and I am
not certain that he ever partook of wine at
the sacrament.

I object 2d. Because we cannot get pure
wine once in a hundred times, and therefore
I think pure water much better than water
polluted with sugar of lead, &c. And to
consecrate, for the sacred use, brandy, whis-
key, &c., mixed with water and molasses,
would be as wicked as it would have offered a
swine or a dog in sacrifice.

3d. I object to it, if pure wine could be ob-
tained, because wine has become a fruitful
source of drunkenness, and when any thing
becomes a public evil, as Christians we ought
to abandon it. It was on this principle that
our wise Lawgiver prohibited the Jews' eat-
ing swine's flesh, &c.; for St. Paul says, Ro-
mans xiv. c. 14 v. that nothing is unclean of
itself; why then forbidden, but because a
public evil? which, according to Dr. A.
Clark, it would have caused the leprosy to
have become the epidemic of the country.
And although wine is used in small quantities
at the sacred table, yet it gives countenance
to the use of it. But I approve of water first,
because I see no reason why we should not
make a change when necessary, with respect
to the drink, as well as to other parts of the
sacred ordinance. Our Lord gave it at
night, the bread was unleavened, he break it
they were sitting leaning on the elbow.
But our bread is leavened, some of us kneel,
others sit in their pews, and we commune in
the morning or afternoon. It is evident,
therefore, that we do not believe, that it is
the substance of the elements, or the posi-
tion of the body, that renders it acceptable.
But it is having in view the thing signified.
We are to discern the Lord's body, and why
not then take water, in reference to the
grand object of his giving himself a sacrifice
for sin (since wine has become a promoter of
sin which he came to destroy), as well as to
eat unleavened bread in the morning instead
of the evening, &c.

4th. I approve of it, because water is a
sacred emblem, and is often spoken of, in
reference to the atonement and its effects.
Thus, there is a fountain opened in the house
of David; I will sprinkle clean water upon
you; come to the waters and drink; and
again, the water that I will give him, shall
be in him a well of water, springing up into
eternal life.

5th. I approve of it, because the fullness
of the atonement was represented to the
Jews, for 40 years, under the emblem of
water. Exodus xlvii. 6. And St. Paul speak-
ing of it says, that that rock was Christ, and
that the water was spiritual drink. 1 Cor.
x. 4. If then, water was drank by the Jews,
for 40 years, as an emblem of, and in refer-
ence to the blood that was to be shed for
their redemption, why may not we drink it
in remembrance that Christ died for our sins?
Much more might be said, but this must
suffice for the present, and I thank God that
some have preceded me on this subject. But
if I should be thought to be premature in
my resolution, I only say, better be alone to
do good, than run with the multitude to do
evil.

The pledge was received by 12 members.

The society then proceeded to consider
some of the late propositions of the NEW-
YORK COLONIZATION SOCIETY, with
respect to their sending temperance men,
only, to the colony: when Mr. Gardner pre-
sented the following preamble and resolu-
tions.

Brethren, having finished the business of
the society, I beg leave to present you a few
resolutions for your adoption. The Ameri-
can Colonization Society having failed in
some degree, on her proposed plans, now re-
commends to each state to form a society
within its own bounds, and the State of New-
York, of which you are citizens, having
adopted this measure, proposes to colonize
none but her colored people, temperance citizens;
and lest our real friends should suppose that
this is our request, we think it necessary to
inform them to the contrary, in time. There-
fore, we wish to be understood, that it is not
our wish to be colonized any where. We
object to it, first, because it is unchristian
for us, and being citizens of the United States,
we deem it anti-republican for any body
of men to plot our exile to an heathen land.

2d. Because it discourages virtue. For
we have given as good evidence of moral re-
form as any other people, seeing that from
among 200 COLORED INHABITANTS IN THIS
VILLAGE, 94 BELONG TO THE TEMPERANCE
SOCIETY, and many of the others are tem-
perate. And if men are to be EXILED
according to their VIRTUE, then virtue has no
reward.

3d. We object because it is the opinion
of the best physicians in the country, that
few or none born north of the Potomac, can
live in Africa, and Dr. K. Mitchell, of Phila-
delphia, wrote to the mother Society three
years ago, and in his communication, said
that he believed it but LITTLE BETTER THAN
MURDER, to send any persons born north
of the Potomac to Liberia. And as the State
of New-York lies far north of it, we believe
all measures taken for our removal, proceed
from prejudice and is marked out in 1 John
iii. 15.

4th. We object because we cannot see
how any good can result from sending tem-
perance men, when it is acknowledged that
no traffic can be held with the natives with-
out ardent spirits; and if that be a fact, we
fear the proposition is hypocritical.